

# For the Roses

Joni Mitchell

I heard it in the wind last night  
It sounded like applause  
Did you get a round resounding for you  
Way up here  
It seems like many dim years ago  
Since I heard that face to face  
Or seen you face to face  
Though tonight I can feel you here  
I get these notes  
On butterflies and lilac sprays  
From girls who just have to tell me  
They saw you somewhere

In some office sits a poet  
And he trembles as he sings  
And he asks some guy  
To circulate his soul around  
On your mark red ribbon runner  
The caressing rev of motors  
Finely tuned like fancy women  
In thirties evening gowns  
Up the charts  
Off to the airport  
Your name's in the news  
Everything's first class  
The lights go down  
And it's just you up there  
Getting them to feel like that

Remember the days when you used to sit  
And make up your tunes for love  
And pour your simple sorrow  
To the soundhole and your knee  
And now you're seen  
On giant screens  
And at parties for the press  
And for people who have slices of you  
From the company  
They toss around your latest golden egg  
Speculation well who's to know  
If the next one in the nest  
Will glitter for them so

I guess I seem ungrateful  
With my teeth sunk in the hand  
That brings me things  
I really can't give up just yet  
Now I sit up here the critic  
And they introduce some band  
But they seem so much confetti  
Looking at them on my TV set  
Oh the power and the glory  
Just when you're getting a taste for worship  
They start bringing out the hammers  
And the boards  
And the nails

I heard it in the wind last night  
It sounded like applause  
Chilly now  
End of summer  
No more shiny hot nights  
It was just the arbutus rustling  
And the bumping of the logs  
And the moon swept down black water  
Like an empty spotlight